

(PUBLISHED 15 MAY, 1908.)

SAINT GEORGE

A NATIONAL REVIEW DEALING WITH LITERATURE, ART, EDUCATION,
AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS IN A BROAD AND PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT.

NO. 42, VOL. XI.

APRIL, 1908.

CONTENTS.

THE CATHOLICISM OF THE SPIRIT -	By T. EDMUND HARVEY, Warden of Toynbee Hall.
IMAGINATION AND EDUCATION IN CHILDHOOD - - - - -	By PROFESSOR J. A. DALE.
CLEAR WATERS - - - - -	By BASIL DE SELINCOURT.
THE SPINNING WHEEL IN LIVERPOOL -	By W. T. PORTER.
LUXURY - - - - -	By PROFESSOR D. H. MAC- GREGOR.
REVIEWS:	

History of Freedom, and other Essays.

Historical Essays and Studies.

Wages and Employment.

The School and the Child.

Thomas Godolphin Rooper.

The Library Edition of Ruskin.

Practical Housing.

Herbert and Alice Rix.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY. PRICE ONE SHILLING & SIXPENCE NET.
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LONDON:

THE SAINT GEORGE PRESS LTD., AND

A. FAIRBAIRNS & CO., LTD., 3 ROBERT STREET,
ADELPHI, W.C.

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SAINT GEORGE

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THE CATHOLICISM OF THE SPIRIT.

By T. EDMUND HARVEY.

THERE is a well-known story of how a man of letters a century ago, when questioned as to his religious views, answered that all sensible men were of one religion, and to the further query as to what that religion might be, made the curt response : " Sir, sensible men never say." The story is characteristic of its age, and of the attitude towards religion of some of its ablest men. Many of the greatest thinkers, whatever the religious opinions of the circle in which they were educated may have been, held themselves aloof from controversy on questions of creed and church, looking upon such disputes with the kindly contempt of tolerant beings, who themselves had reached a larger and freer atmosphere than that which surrounded those who struggled amid the dust of the plains beneath their feet. Something of this spirit, which was so clearly manifested in the world of politics and letters, can be seen, too, in many of the prominent religious organisations of the day. Men were weary of the hateful bitterness which had characterised the theological controversies of the

SAINT GEORGE

seventeenth century, and the wider outlook which came with the Aufklärungszeit showed itself even as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century, when in Germany Catholic and Protestant ecclesiastical authorities united in a common religious celebration at Fulda of the anniversary of the mission of Saint Boniface. But beneath the surface of this toleration, which seemed to be increasing in that age between Catholic, Protestant, and Jew, we may perhaps feel that the uniting influence lay not so much in a profound sense of the underlying verities common to all their various forms of faith, as in a certain vagueness as to any form of dogmatic belief, a distrust of dogma in itself, if not an indifference to the things which that dogma attempted to represent. Men were willing to leave others free to have their own religious beliefs, and distrusted the enthusiasm of the fanatic, of the man who wished to convert others to view life as he himself did. The profession of a recognition of good in all religions went hand in hand with the recognition of their imperfection, and a doubt as to how far they were not so much alike sharing in truth as alike mingled with error. This attitude is illustrated by Lessing's famous fable of "The Three Rings," which is perhaps the most quoted passage in *Nathan the Wise*. None but the father can tell the true ring from the counterfeits which he has had made ; the sons must therefore each treat the others as in the same position as himself. No one creed can claim to itself a pre-eminence over the others, none but God can distinguish the true from the false. The lesson of tolerance which Lessing taught in his drama was one of which our age, as well as his own, has need, but if we are only to view all forms of faith with respect because we are conscious of the difficulty of discerning the true from the false, we have reached a position which may indeed promote friendly relationships in the ordinary intercourse of life, but which cannot in the end be satisfactory either to ourselves or to others. Tolerance founded upon doubt can never be an inspiring virtue.

THE CATHOLICISM OF THE SPIRIT

Is it not possible for us, however, since we realise this, to take a further step? We need to feel not the imperfections of all the varying creeds, religious and irreligious, but the inherent strength and power of each, and from a consciousness of this to rise to some dim realisation of the golden thread of truth which runs through all sincere faiths, however degraded or erroneous they may at first sight appear to be.

In the eighteenth century there swept over Europe a wave of new thought, which liberated men's minds from old superstitions and the narrowness of former dogmatism, and produced a sort of Freemasonry of new ideas between men whose national, religious and political upbringing had been wholly different. But this wave of liberal thought failed to produce a permanent sense of unity; in due time came a counter-movement, when men turned from the generalisations and the vague optimism of these syncretist philosophers. The attacks which the sceptical critics had levelled on the older creeds were too negative in character: content to find out the weakness of their opponents' position and to expose it to contempt and ridicule, they had failed to realise the strength which lay deeper than the intellectual interpretations of belief which they had assailed.

Thus the nineteenth century has witnessed in the political world an extraordinary revival of national spirit, especially amongst smaller peoples, and on the other hand a similar revival within the different religious communities. The eighteenth century humanists would have foreseen the one as little as the other. To them it seemed that beneath the clear light of reason the old dogmas of the sects would each lose their force, just as the ignorant patriotism of their day, which they saw to be so largely built up upon mistaken prejudice, would give way to their wide cosmopolitan spirit which felt itself above these petty views.

The revival of national feeling among the little peoples of Europe, with no wealth of capital or military force to give

SAINT GEORGE

them aid, which we have witnessed during the last century, is, however, hardly less remarkable than the revival of life amongst the different churches and religious communities of the Western world. There was surely something lacking in the theory of life of these men of broad view of a former day, who for all their breadth could not find room for enthusiasm such as this. We are beginning to see that the truer cosmopolitan of the future will not cease to be a citizen of his own country when he becomes a citizen of the world, that the wider fellowship will lose its content and its meaning if it is to involve a denial of patriotism and not rather to subsume it as a necessary element in the true international spirit, and so in the inner life of the soul we must seek to harmonise the various contending creeds, not by destroying the particular creed, or attempting to replace it by some vague generalisation, devoid of life or of attractive and inspiring force, but by attempting to appeal to the best in each, realising that each must have some value of its own, just as the poorest of peoples has its own peculiar traits and virtues, thus gradually drawing the sympathies and thoughts of men nearer together by virtue of the common life from which must spring all that is good in the religion of each one.

There is a beautiful saying of Penn's which sets forth what many good men of very different creeds must have felt again and again before he gave the thought expression: "The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask they will know one another, though the divers liveries they wear here makes them strangers." May we not venture to carry further the thought and say, that this religion includes every servant of truth, and every man who is recognising in practice in his own life the need of his fellows, by subordinating his own happiness and interest to theirs? That there is in reality a religion which all good men share we do indeed recog-

THE CATHOLICISM OF THE SPIRIT

nise in practice in everyday life : how else can we explain the appeal to conscience, to the sense of duty, to the unselfish desire to benefit others, which is constantly made to men of the most divergent religious views, whose theories of life would not be accepted by each other for a moment ?

How is it then possible for us to make more clear to our own eyes and to others this common basis of religion, and to build more securely upon it the structure of our lives ?

We must not be disappointed if it is difficult to give intellectual expression to this basis of life : at best such expression must be imperfect, and we can only hope to arrive at it very slowly. Perhaps some hint of the way in which one may look at the problem may be given by that strange poem of W. B. Yeats, "The Indian upon God." The poet pictures the way in which the creatures of earth each frame their own idea of the Divine Creator after their own image ; some vast Brocken spectre, perhaps, some may say, cast by the reflection of imagination upon the clouds of the world without. And yet the poem has surely within it another meaning. To each creature comes, coloured, it is true, by different visions, some dim picture of the Maker, some sense of His sustaining presence in the world and in their own lives.

I passed along the water's edge, below the humid trees,
My spirit rocked in evening light, the rushes round my knees,
My spirit rocked in sleep and sighs ; and saw the moorfowl pace
All dripping on a grassy slope, and saw them cease to chase
Each other round in circles, and heard the eldest speak :
"Who holds the world between His bill and made us strong and weak
Is an undying moorfowl, and He lives beyond the sky.
The rains are from His dripping wing, the moonbeams from His eye."
I passed a little further on and heard a lotus talk :
"Who made the world, and ruleth it, He hangeth on a stalk,
For I am in His image made, and all this tinkling tide
Is but a sliding drop of rain between His petals wide."

A little way within the gloom a roebuck raised his eyes
Brimful of Starlight, and he said : "The stamper of the skies

SAINT GEORGE

He is a gentle roebuck ; for how else, I pray, could He
Conceive a thing so sad and soft, a gentle thing like me ? ”
I passed a little further on and heard a peacock say :
“ Who made the grass and made the worms and made my feathers gay,
He is a monstrous peacock, and he waveth all the night
His languid tail above us, lit with myriad spots of light.”

One can readily understand that some readers might be shocked by what would seem to them to be idolatrous images. Yet does not the whole poem show something more than the fact that men worship images of God after their own likeness ? Beneath the grossest idolatry there may be at least some sense of contact with the Unseen. Though man, like his fellow-creatures, cannot behold unveiled the vision of the Eternal, somewhere under every imperfect picture which our dogmas have framed of Him there lies at least some trait of faint resemblance. And however much we may endeavour to remove from our minds all anthropomorphic conceptions, we needs must think as men. Our most abstract thoughts are but spiritualised metaphors, the ghosts and shadows of the fully coloured language of our earlier days or of a more primitive people. The moment we think of the origin and meaning of words, we realise that this is so : when we speak of conceiving a thought, grasping an idea, abandoning an argument, we are using metaphors which were once bold and vivid but are now scarcely perceived as such at all. And so in all our formulated thoughts of the Unseen we may be said to be in a sense idolaters. But only sinfully so, if we wilfully cleave to the lower forms when we have had vision of a higher. The fact that we express our thoughts on religion through the medium of the terms of the material world does not mean that the religious truths which they express are dependent upon, and are evolved out of, the physical world, any more than the intellectual processes of conception and perception are dependent on or derived from the physical processes after which they are named. But

THE CATHOLICISM OF THE SPIRIT

it does surely mean that we must recognise the necessary imperfection of our efforts to express the unseen realities, whether in religious creed or philosophical dogma.

If we are convinced that there is a real unity underlying the religious life of every sincere man, whether he call himself religious or no, how can we best promote the growth of this sense of unity, so that in every form of faith the best may be strengthened and drawn into a sense of membership of a wider whole?

In the first place we must endeavour to be faithful to the best ideal of our own party, of our own church or creed, to insist on the positive side of what it teaches rather than its negations. The true protestant, for instance, should be zealous to protest for a living ideal which he feels to correspond to his needs, and not, as too often has been the case in the past, merely to protest against evils and mistakes connected in his thought with another ideal.

Then realising the vastness of Truth, and the limitations of our own powers of apprehending it, we must be willing to recognise that there may be other aspects of truth which we, as individuals or as a religious community, have not yet apprehended, and that the whole truth must needs be too great for any human mind or system to express. This attitude of mind should surely be perfectly compatible with an enthusiastic loyalty to that vision of the Truth which has been given to us or our community, and with a desire to share this vision with others.

To attempt to surrender our own expression of the Truth as we see it, and replace it by an expression drawn from the vision of others, is to make in the inner life an error like that of the school of Bologna in painting. The Caracci and their followers deliberately aimed at acquiring the peculiar excellencies of each of the great masters who preceded them, the harmonies of Raphael, the colour of Titian, the vigour and the grandiose

SAINT GEORGE

forms of Michael Angelo. They hoped to combine all these and thus achieve a higher perfection than their masters, but in so doing they failed to express themselves in their own way, for they were always painting things as they imagined they ought to see them, and not as they really saw them.

The great artist, like Rembrandt, will honour and admire a Raphael or a Correggio without seeking thus to imitate them or to borrow their technique. And so while we recognise the vision of truth that comes to men of different view from our own, we must not abandon our own vision or our attempt to express it faithfully, because we know that we see a part and not the whole.

Every great religious movement has been in its origin or at its highest point universal in its aspiration, claiming to make appeal to all mankind and to become at length the religion of the whole world. And it is this very universal claim which seems to some dispassionate critics so narrow-spirited and fanatical, which bears witness to the force and reality of that deepest religious life which underlies all difference of dogma and finds its expression in all these varying faiths. At the moment of its budding forth the tiny twig feels within it the expanding life of the whole tree. "I am the true tree, and the tree that is to be," it may be imagined as saying, though the great boughs above it do not stir in the wind that shakes it to and fro. The twig may have within it the possibility of growth to a size exceeding the stem from which it now springs, or it may remain only a twig; but in either case it is a part of the tree, and in a sense it is the tree; its life is the tree's life. So every great religious movement, when at its best and highest, looks forward to world-wide extension: it may be that the flood of life takes new channels, and only a tiny sect remains to bear witness to what has been, but yet, when its members were filled with their first enthusiasm, and went forth into the world to win others to their views, they

THE CATHOLICISM OF THE SPIRIT

were strong because somehow or other they had come into touch with the eternal ; their creed and organisation may have corresponded only to the need of the day and of a limited number of people, or it may have been of wider application and able to endure for a longer time ; but in spite of these limitations the creed and organisation represent an inner life through which their members came into touch with the source of all life and strength.

A present-day duty for each one of us must be to strive to be more conscious of this fact in our own lives and in elaborating our own systems, as well as in dealing with and considering the religious views of others. In discarding the transient elements, the husks of dogma, we have to respect the seed-corn of life within them. The recognition of this will make us more reverent towards even the hoary errors of antiquity and the methods of thought and life which to us are outworn, but were once living, and still may be living to some.

This surely is the lesson which we may draw from that touching story related by John Cassian of the monk Serapion, which Auguste Sabatier once told to his pupils. In his old age the good monk had suddenly been brought to realise, by the preaching of two missionaries, the error which he had committed in thinking of the Eternal as a being like himself, fashioned in human form. His friends gathered round him to thank God for his deliverance from the grievous anthropomorphic heresy, when, in the midst of their prayers, the old man fell in tears to the ground with the pathetic cry, "Woe's me, wretched man that I am ; they have taken away my God and I have none to hold to or worship or pray to now !"

In our work of thought or of practical endeavour we shall need above all to realise the value of humble reverence for Truth for its own sake, and of the recognition that wherever goodness is, there is that which the theist knows as the Divine, which others may speak of as the enduring, spiritual ideal, but

SAINT GEORGE

which, by whatever name we call it, is the inspiring and illuminating reality which shines through every unselfish deed and thought and makes our lives of worth.

We are sensible of this uniting force, however much our ethical ideals may differ. We cannot explain the common principles which justify the ideal of a Roosefeldt and that of Tolstoy, but we must surely feel that those ideals are in some way branches from the same good tree; it may well be that just as in the intellectual world different bents of genius each have their place and justification, so too in the moral have different types of the ethical ideal. The scientific mind, the practical, executive talent of the business man, the speculative powers of the metaphysician, and the creative gifts of the poet and artist, each have their place, and no one human mind can combine them all. So too, perhaps, it is with the moral ideals realised here in our human lives. Because one is good, another is not wholly wrong. There may be varieties of goodness, just as there are differences of shape and beauty between flower and flower. But while we recognise this, we surely need too to realise that there must ultimately be some vital connection between these different ideals, although we ourselves may not be able to perceive the unifying influence or principle. Is it not here that the Union of Ethical Societies fails, in that after insisting upon "the supreme importance of the knowledge, love and practice of the Right," their manifesto goes on to disclaim "the acceptance of any one ultimate criterion of right" as a condition of ethical fellowship. Yet unless there be some such criterion, can we speak of "the Right" at all? The capital "R" is an unconscious survival of the theistic expression of thought, or rather the expression of the essentially religious spirit of man which, in spite of a creed of intellectual agnosticism, recognises the Divine in life and does obeisance to it under another name. The idea of good and the thought of God are not connected together merely by a similarity of

THE CATHOLICISM OF THE SPIRIT

sound ; they have but one origin. Thus, if where goodness is there God is, we must be able to find evidence even where there may be no intellectual knowledge of God, of the recognition of a unique worth in the good apart from all attempted explanations of its value. And perhaps one cannot do better than take an example from the writings of a master sceptic, to show how, in spite even of an apparent intention to make mock of the failure of the good and unselfish man, and of the utterly impracticable nature of his ideal, a kind of homage is yet paid to the ideal and to its votary, and through them to the source of their inspiration.

Readers of Voltaire's *Candide* will recall the figure of the Anabaptist Jacques, the upright and unselfish man who perishes in spite of all his trust in overruling good. Voltaire in picturing his death would appear to be casting scorn upon a complacent view of a universe where such a thing might happen again and again, and as far as any practical teaching goes he would seem merely to point out that righteousness and faith may be not only unavailing to ward off calamity, but may actually bring it upon those who make such a standard their sole guide. And yet, even as you read, you feel how much nobler and better it is to perish like Jacques, with the unswerving faith of a good man, than to live on contentedly digging one's garden and enjoying its fruits in selfish peace. And however much we may be conscious that in the moment of trial, face to face with mortal peril, we ourselves might swerve aside, might hesitate and fail, we yet know that if we could make our choice in a cool hour, reviewing calmly what we ought to do, and what we would do if we could be true to the best that is in us, we should choose the honourable failure of the good man rather than the success of the bad. In itself we know it to be better, apart from all thought of consequence. And in practice we know how in the presence of the loveliness of an unselfish act all lower thoughts of pleasure and of profit fade away.

SAINT GEORGE

Face to face with the enduring ideal that shines forth from the good deed, all lower ideals shrivel and sink into nothingness. Even truer is this of goodness made real to us in personality, and here it is that those who call themselves Christians may find the keystone to the continual self-revelation of God to man, in that supreme revelation of the Divine nature in the unique personality of Jesus, which for the Church is the centre of inspiration and the explanation of the light which shines in all other lives.

And as we all unite in reverencing the good and unselfish spirit, wherever it manifests itself in human lives, so too we need to reverence everywhere the search after Truth, and the service of Truth for its own sake. Surely one of the most helpful signs of our age is found in this increasing recognition of spiritual kinship between seekers after Truth of most divergent creed; and not the least of the benefits of the Higher Criticism, and the problems with which the minds of men have been confronted through the advance of science, has been that in the readjustment of thought and life which is going on all about us, men have grown aware that they are not fighting their battles alone, but that far and near are kindred spirits going through a like struggle, and even that those whom they had fancied foemen were really their allies. This is the beginning of a movement wider and deeper than the so-called religious controversies which embitter the surface of our political life, the prelude to a new and wider Catholicism of the spirit, in which all the servants of Truth and of humanity may unite without sacrifice of conviction in a sense of true brotherhood. Something of this underlying unity is recognised both in the supreme moments of our individual lives and in great times of national crisis, such as come in the birth-pangs of a new movement or the brave endeavour to stem some rising tide of evil. Thus it came about that in the great uprising of German democracy in 1848, the colours which symbolised the

THE CATHOLICISM OF THE SPIRIT

new hopes of the people were often consecrated by a public religious ceremony in which all faiths united, and in the little Bavarian town of Fürth the Jewish Rabbi, as representing the smallest denomination of the town, was by common consent chosen to perform the ceremony. But we do not need to go so far back or to such a distant place to find instances of the way in which men of varying creed have found themselves uniting with those who are opposed to all forms of religion in defence of some common cause, inspired by some uniting ideal, though but dimly realised. Here, surely, is the true test of that which is Catholic, the *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, which the dogmas of theology can but imperfectly explain, but which is realised even now by all who seek to serve wholeheartedly the truth, and therefore, too, their fellow-men.

There remains still one practical question to be faced. If we recognise that the good finds expression in various ways, that men in act and thought alike must differ from each other, although the inner source of their spiritual life may be the same, are we to abandon the endeavour to find some intellectual synthesis of their divergent ideals? Must we cease to attempt to express in terms of thought that which we recognise as transcending all human thought and, much more, our imperfect language? Surely this would be a mistake. Though not only for our own lives, but for the whole life of humanity upon the earth, it should prove that our processes of creed-building and church-making are necessarily imperfect, we must still for ever strive to express in thought and in act the life of the spirit, which grows and deepens as it is faithfully expressed. Creed and deed alike, we feel, are but the raiment of the life; they fade and are outgrown, yet they are not to be fiercely torn to pieces or lightly thrown aside. Even though we may never hope to be able to explain to ourselves or to others the common basis of our ethical ideals and of our religious life, we must

SAINT GEORGE

never cease to try to find some explanation and to give what expression to it we can.

The vision of truth that we have now, our intellectual expression of our relationship to the world and of our duty in it, is, we recognise, imperfect: it is no key to the universe, to unlock every mystery for us, still less for others; but it may prove a sufficient lamp, and one whose rays grow ever brighter, to light our footsteps onward: or (to change the metaphor) it may be a clue to the great labyrinth about us which may be of use to others besides ourselves, though some may come to the goal by a very different way. Certainly the experience of all the great mystics would seem to show that as we ascend the heavenly mountain one from one side, one from another, our paths draw nearer to each other, and so across the night between, let us listen to our fellow-pilgrims' voices, and realise that some day we shall meet face to face.

IMAGINATION AND EDUCATION IN CHILDHOOD.

By J. A. DALE.

THE period is rapidly passing when nearly all the energy and thought available for educational politics is spent on building a system. We founded a system of universal education with very inadequate ideas on the three principal problems—what to teach, how to teach it, and how to get teachers. The system as years went on, whatever its success, bred discontent and disappointment, hopes too easily entertained fading before the inevitable pressure of facts. The choice of subjects had seemed obvious, the way to teach clear, and the pupil-teacher system to offer a cheap and easy supply of teachers. But the result was poor, and detractors of education abounded. Then the more careful watchers of social development began to question the system itself. Was it not hurriedly chosen? Were not the eyes fixed too much upon the system, too little on the product, and still less on the material, the growing child? In the schools there was going on (with little encouragement at first) much hopeful experimenting: so that we get at last a re-discussion of our ideals which is one of the most striking educational movements of to-day. The point reached is much the same as that in industrial thought. Material progress also absorbed all the available energy of men who could not pause to count the cost and real nature of the progress. But now it is being realised that the old insistent problems were only overshadowed for a time, while unnoticed new ones were being created. For example, material progress has not lightened the problem of poverty, while it leaves an increasing burden of unemployment,

SAINT GEORGE

of crowded towns and empty countryside. So too with our schools. Thus the question comes to be put in all seriousness (in Ruskin's words) whether we had not better set about the manufacture of good human souls. The moment of doubt and question is the awakening of the educational conscience. There comes a moment to most teachers when they wonder if their work is good or whether it is wasted: do we not, they seem to say, labour to cut a channel only to find the stream take at last an easier way? They agree that the final test is the effect of their teaching on the lives of their pupils. Are they making good citizens? Are there better ways? It is not yet a commonplace of local politics that the teacher is more than the school, and harder to get, and worth more expense in the getting. But as the problem of the provision of schools approaches solution, that of the provision of teachers approaches the field of practical politics. It is as though Saint George needed for his prowess the stimulating certainty that his foe was a real dragon. Meanwhile the problem of what to teach and how to teach it is being perpetually discussed and experimented upon, with good results and better promise.

There is one fact upon which the pressure of all these questions is concentrating earnest attention: the fact that our schools do not—perhaps for the majority of children—give a fair preparation for life. The problem has often been dealt with in these pages, from the points of view both of education and unemployment. The concentration of doubt upon this point focuses for modern educational science its most vital problem. We do not seem, in the majority, to inspire any real interest in the subjects we teach them, or only an interest that dies at the school gates. And if we take refuge in the thought that we have all the while been moulding character, we are still forced to admit of this majority that they leave school without any real impulse at all, even towards evil, but drift

IMAGINATION AND EDUCATION

rudderless among currents which lead to an unknown port, or over unsuspected rocks.

It is this lack of impulse we are concerned with here, and from the teacher's point of view. There is plenty of impulse in boyhood, as we know to our cost in school. We want to preserve it, and train it to persevere through school, and survive the removal of school discipline; to enlist the native force of youth on our side instead of crushing it in a weary and unprofitable war. The teacher is generally (if he is worth his salt) saved by the instant business of his profession; and however discontented, yet has his reward and "knows his piecemeal gain is gold." But that discontent makes him more open to all that promises fresh power: he will avail himself of the studies of psychologists who have investigated the process of development, and improve his methods to get a working alliance with that natural force. In considering the promise that lies within the scope of a teacher's power we shall always remember with Carlyle that the only education is the contact of living spirit with living spirit. The child's mind, said a Roman teacher, is not a vessel to be filled, but a hearth to be kindled. What a fine saying! Not a fire merely, but a hearth to kindle, keep bright or leave dull—whose fire comes from the most sacred home-places, in whose genial power burns the hope of our race.

There are few sources of power to compare with the magnetic attraction of a goal clearly realised and a course that visibly leads to it. Few things more surely dry up the springs of power than mechanic, aimless grind, clouded by uncertainty as to whether the work is not wasted after all. To gain and hold the interest of others one must be widely and deeply interested and so a conductor of interest. The teacher must learn from the propagandist and business man alike, while recognising the limitations of their method and aim. In his case there is not much danger of too great width of interest,

SAINT GEORGE

for his energies will be focused in their application by the sheer exigencies of his profession. It is the opposite danger that is deadly.

Since Fröbel and Herbart taught us we have looked with a new eye on the activities of children ; and the new science of psychology has flooded them with new meaning and infinite suggestion. The centre of attention so far as school is concerned is shifted from the subject-matter to the child. There is no longer the list of subjects fixed by prescription ; there is a child nature to study and develop—what subjects will best do that ? So the childish activities pass from the outer courts to the throne, and add authority to their delight.

Our simple childhood sits upon a throne
That hath more power than all the elements.

Play is studied and its value recognised, not (as is urged against "soft pedagogy") because it is not work, but because it is spontaneous—there is power behind it, and power that spends itself in learning. There is in it then the very element we most need and too often miss : the impulse which, if we could only continue it, might carry a lad over neglected and troubled years after school on to firm ground in maturity. The adult who still remains a learner (I mean keeps himself definitely and systematically learning), or who remembers his schooldays and sees them without glamour or antipathy, knows that in what he learns best there are two elements—the discipline of work and the impulse of pleasure. And he knows that the latter is the primary one. A carefully charted course is no good without the wind. So we turn with a new eye to the study of natural activities and the development of mental processes.

Play grows insensibly out of the instinct of imitation—from the blind impulses which gave the body birth and urged it to follow in the path of its ancestry. The workings of this in-

IMAGINATION AND EDUCATION

stinct show growth and pleasure beautifully mingled; the exercises of body and mind in preparation for maturer life being full of joy. As the mind grows, imagination blends with imitation, and gives to the play of children at once its fascination and its meaning. It has thus two sides, which may be called acquisition and recreation, corresponding (so far as distinction may be drawn between the interlacing functions of a living organism) to technique and imagination in art. Study of the imaginative play of a child shows that it contains a balance of affirmation and negation. The child is not deceiving himself. His mind is full of the new realities, and loves to play with them, and test them by previous experience. His play is full of tentative explanations of things. But the bit of rag that has to play the part of pet rabbit, never in the tenderest moment of anxious care is allowed to usurp the place of the real pet. The critical knowledge is always there. He will describe to you in minute detail all the actions of the apparently stolid lump, and even weep if you are unsympathetic or if you pinch it. But he can always say with perfect ease, "It's a duster now," and begin vigorously to scrub the floor with it. The affirmation or self-suggestion, "*It is a rabbit*," is a kind of practice, and obviously a pleasurable exercise: but never without the negation. In any case doubt would arise very early in the development of the senses, and adjustment follow. There is a sane ground for the common fear of the imaginative faculty in children, but there is more hope in its culture and control. Some abnormal children do apparently deceive themselves; more practice upon their elders (and find them gullible); but many if not most child-liars are, I believe, taught by misguided elders. The great source of deliberate lying is undoubtedly concealment, some form of deceit. And possibly there is danger in the habit of embellishing stories. Who that is old and irreproachable can easily resist the good story that calls for the finishing touch to make it a work of

SAINT GEORGE

art? It has often been noticed how like (superficially) are the fancies of children to the delusions of the insane. It does not follow that the imaginative side should be choked as immoral or as a prelude of insanity. It does follow that it should be fed by a constant supply of true impressions, and the critical side fostered by constant testing and comparison with reality. One regular feature specially marks this earliest stage as mythic—the delight in giving life to the lifeless, which begins in failure to recognise the distinction. The mythic stage passes rapidly into the more elaborate romancing stage, expanding its uses but not abating its pleasure. The love of stories increases in some to tell, in some to hear, and in all to feel. For stories, while quite realised on reflection to be untrue, call up the appropriate emotions. No doubt the feeling is as crude as the art, but it is as true. They begin a school of the emotions continued for the adult by an art of fiction often less crude, and not always calling up a feeling more true. For both the safeguard lies in healthy practical outlet for the emotions—in active sympathy. It is the 'prentice time of imaginative creation and sympathy, and it seems probable that an invention at once fertile and healthy is a rich promise of development.

The intellectual side is not lost even in romancing, for experiment is being made with the arranging of memories on plans laid down by the will, and the criticism that comes from comparison with facts is seldom long absent. In fact, play is the child's imaginative world, and exhibits the range of appreciation with which we are familiar in ourselves. At the one end is the start of joy that thrills us at the instant recognition of something that touches us as really beautiful. If this is called forth in us from our own thoughts and the world about us, it is what we call the inspiration of genius—a sudden ray from the stablest pleasures of the race, treasured up since first a man felt the beauty and awe of nature

IMAGINATION AND EDUCATION

in the world or in his fellows. The man of genius has this access. There are few who with pain and guidance cannot follow him, and rejoice less in his work than in his vision ; sharing it in a real sense, for we too are of that selfsame human spirit—

As one spring wind unbinds the mountain snow
And comforts violets in their hermitage.

Pleasure, then, has in its being a unifying touch, however indefinable, of recognition, which increases its impulsive power. It is like a sudden turn which gains a road that feels familiar. Some men (perhaps not many) have been conscious of a sense of memory in some strange thrills of boyhood, and it has become very familiar in some poets and philosophers. But most who are conscious of any source at all, feel only the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. The other end of the range is the critic's reasoned judgment—the slow reward of faithful labour. Well worth winning though this be even with pains, it is more essential that the spontaneous start of joy should be there first. For however pretentious the criticism, the eye of the artist, fixed with childlike clearness on the reality of which the critic talks, is not to be deceived. Like Hans Andersen's little boy, his eye is not blinded by praise (or dispraise) of the Emperor's clothes : he says with absolute certainty, "But he has nothing on !" Coleridge's account of the prerogative of genius comes back to my mind—"to carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood."

These two phases fall into endless varieties of more or less stable balance—impulse and inhibition, affirmation and criticism, swinging like a pulse in all human activity. In normal sane conditions they cannot be separated. They unite in the highest achievements of mind, when thought harnesses imagination, and imagination inspires thought. The former is nearer to the supply of material, working with the fresh sensations and their

SAINT GEORGE

memories : the latter abstracts from them symbols for a new and mighty language. There is a real danger in their divorce. The charge that knowledge destroys pleasure is met, and well met, by the claim that it adds to it. We no longer drink confusion to Newton nor curse science for spoiling the rainbow : they have brought us new and high beauties for our pleasure and awe, and we look into a land of enchantment far more glorious than that same poet's hero gazed upon in silence from the peak in Darien. The imaginative pleasure in the presence of nature is the vital motive power. Without it a science may become abstract and acquire new meaning and power in a different sphere, and so light upon a new imaginative pleasure of its own. But the effect of the divorce upon criticism professing to deal with things whose appeal is to the imagination, is to cut it off from the springs of life, and make it incapable of communicating life. Probably most of us have been taught subjects whose very essence lies in this appeal, without any suggestion of it, e.g. we have been taught Clarendon Press notes when the subject was Shakspeare. It is true that the sense of beauty is not early developed, for it is one of the surest marks of natural aristocracy ; and it would be a telling argument if the failure of this teaching did not belie it and suggest a better way. Such teaching carries no torch from the altar-fire to the hearth.

Early childhood, then, is a kingdom of imagination. But behind the play, the rigmarole, and the ceaseless question, we discern the beginnings of organising power. There are queer little ventures at explanations of the little child-world within its narrow horizon under its tiny span of sky. A world not yet organised under the orderly conceptions of maturity, but a kind of stream, perpetually passing and repassing fixed points in a panorama whose clear outlines fade from the mind almost as soon as from the eyes : beginning to recognise and remember these points and so to come into possession of a self. Some-

IMAGINATION AND EDUCATION

thing must be said of the supply of material for this rapidly growing, imaginative mind, that breaks every moment some transitory limit. It has already been said that this supply must for real health mainly consist of natural images, coloured by right feelings. This does not for a moment confine the child's training to nature study or exclude fairy stories and the like. On the contrary, while there must be the constant contact with the things of nature, and an outlet for right feelings, the imagination is free to combine and recombine as it will : learning, by this very freedom and the inevitable comparison with the actual course of events, how to understand the world and adapt itself to its pressure. There is no need for the child's stories, for example, to be true in the sense of reproducing the actual state of things (which the parents have but imperfectly learnt with all their experience to recognise). But they must be in the right feeling tone : i.e. true to the child's best feeling and aiding him in his right development. They need not, then, be moral in the sense of teaching goodness—perhaps they may even be as “bluggy” as you will, for “blugginess” is one of the as yet unrelated things ; its only meaning is one of pleasurable vigour. But it must avoid teaching badness : above all, deceit in every form, which I take to be the most dangerous symptom of the early years of childhood and the most prolific parent of after sins.

Or to take another example, it is no good basing moral teaching on copy-book maxims which depend for their value on adult experience, and are, moreover, never more than half-truths, and almost always soiled with cynicism, such as the most popular of them all—“Honesty is the best policy.” “Be just before you are generous,” says another. But what have children to do with justice? To be just is to assign moral values and deal out relative treatment—to judge, in a word. As for policy, it is a somewhat pathetic reward of middle age—one of the walls of that prison house which

SAINT GEORGE

Wordsworth saw closing round the growing boy. Policy and justice are part of the salutary discipline of a good home ; but to teach them is to risk our chance of getting honesty and generosity. So far as they are subjects of teaching at all apart from example and discipline, we must teach to temper mercy with justice, and leave to the authority of the grown man the task of tempering justice with mercy. Justice and policy are prudent guardians ; sympathy, imagination, are the very life they guard.

So it is with education. Guidance is useless with no impulse to guide, and we can only get the best by bringing out the best and strongest forward impulses. Of these there is none like imagination. Guided by disciplined will, it urges all high forms of human activity. And "when it stoops, it stoops with the like wing." For it lifted fledgling feathers in the play of little children.

CLEAR WATERS.

By BASIL DE SELINCOURT.

IF there were anything in the world more fascinating than water, it would, I suppose, be fire. I often wonder which is really the more alluring of the two. One of my earliest, most consecrated memories—ranking with the aroma of the old poultry-yard surrounded by a barn and loose-boxes, where the family pony was stabled and my elder brothers bred their rabbits—is of a yearly present made by a very stern, much dreaded grandmama to my younger brother and myself. What their size, or shape, or colour was, I have not the faintest recollection. I can vouch for nothing more than that water came out of their spouts. That was enough. Neither of us, at that date, had the least trace of horticultural instinct: the fascination of the watering-cans had no reference whatever to the uses to which watering-cans are familiarly put. It is chiefly connected in my mind with a cinder-track in one of the least frequented corners of the estate; this was about fifty yards in length, and starting from a point somewhere beyond the stable-yard already mentioned, led to one of the under gardeners' cottages. There was a tap and small cistern at the stable end of it, into which you could conveniently dip your can; and by the time you had watered as far as the cottage porch, the part where you began was dry again. No one to my knowledge made any regular use of the path, to which, needless to add, our watering did neither harm nor good. The only temptation we had to this mode of employment was some peculiar fascination in the employment itself. And I suppose the fascination lay in this—that there was nothing to think of but the water,

SAINT GEORGE

nothing to watch but the delicious way in which the water would behave. The spell is almost as potent in my mind now as it was then. The room I write in has an attic ceiling, and, one of the windows being set high, a gutter-pipe runs under it to communicate with a rain-water cistern housed under the roof of an adjacent shed. In wet weather this gutter-pipe is at once a solace and a temptation to me. To climb on a side table and watch the stream of water slipping by, to estimate its pace by the behaviour of the coal smuts that it brings along, some stranded, some heedlessly overcoming all obstacles and bobbing away in triumph round the corner, this is an occupation far more engrossing to me than my work. But, after cans and the cinder-track, and not to count the annual family migration to the sea, the chief water-experience that I remember vividly belongs with an early day in Cambridge—when the head master of our preparatory school, himself a Cambridge man, took his half-dozen sixth-form boys there, and I had the good luck to be one of them. I believe we saw the “backs”; but all I knew about Cambridge for many years afterwards was that it was a magic city in which streams of fresh water ran perennially each side of the road; and I have never since been able to think a brook quite perfect unless it ran—as in Devonshire one may so often see them running—by the roadside. The same sight is to be seen in Paris every morning when they flush the gutters, and a very lovely sight it is; while the low sunlight streams between the lofty houses, and the silence of the city is emphasised by the sharp fall of a horse's hoofs upon the asphalt or the sudden cracking of a whip. It will be worth your while, next time you go there, to peer cautiously out of your bedroom window, and observe the clear, crisp, intricately braided rivulet, as it dances under the pavement edge, moulded by the rhythmic throb of joy its swift course gives it into a long coil of plaited silver, ready to become gold if the sun should strike it, or steel where some deeper shadow falls. Long before you have seen

CLEAR WATERS

as much of it as you would like to see, the man with the big broom will come along and sweep it all away.

It is a matter of some grief to me that there is no stream in our district worth calling a stream. The Evenlode winds to and fro in the meadows below the house, with the Great Western Railway on the top of it ; but it is a flat, sulky creature in these parts, in temperament more like a drain than a stream, its banks trodden in by cattle, and armies of dingy rushes lifting themselves forlornly from its oozy bed, beautiful only when the floods expand it into a smiling lake. The perfect stream, I think, should be swift, yet almost silent, and its water so clear as to strike you, not as by the absence of pollution, but as by the presence of a living, purifying force. There are few such streams left now in England, and indeed I had begun to think my imagination of one was some foolish relic of child's dreaming, until, the other day, I saw for the first time the Coln at Bibury, broad, swift, silent (except for, now and then, a murmur or loving chuckle of suppressed delight), and "lucid as dew." We were only about half an hour beside it, yet the impression of beauty was so unique that already it is associated in my memory with impossibilities and dreams, reminding me of my first impression of a stream as I took it from Charles Kingsley's descriptions in *Water Babies* when I was a boy. For, added to the strength and beauty of the stream itself, there was the indescribable marvel of its tributary spring, a little bit of Coln (two million gallons of water every day) that rose noiselessly from a deep brown rocky pool in the inn garden and flowed over a strip of bright green waving carpet and under the bridge to join the green-carpeted river. In a world where such things happen, one does not see why other things should not happen too ; for instance, why the men who live in it should not discover that purity of air and water gives them a value above gold, because it enables them to proclaim their kinship with the renovating spirit of joy, which is the spirit of life itself.

SAINT GEORGE

Pure water would ordinarily be taken to mean water in which fish do not die. But that is not what I mean by it here. Of course it is desirable we should keep all our rivers as clean as we can, and the discharge of sewage or of any kind of refuse into a river would, if we had our wits about us, be punishable by law. But it is probable that navigated rivers, however carefully we treated them, though they might be kept clean, could never be means of giving the spiritual pleasure obtainable from pure water or pure sky. This pleasure depends upon the absence of so much as the suspicion of any taint. There is nothing fantastic or recondite about it ; it is not an artist's or an æsthete's whim. Every housewife will understand my meaning and endorse it. It is not enough for any one who takes a proper pleasure and pride in the appearance of the room they sit in to be able to say of it that it is not dirty. What is aimed at is a kind of cleanliness only to be described as active ; the light diffused and playing over a hundred objects ; and each, as it kindles in it or reflects it or rests under it, giving to the eye a true note of colour unalloyed, summoning to the mind that happy invigoration which only the associations of decency and order can produce. Everything in nature, if you let it alone, assumes this condition of active cleanliness spontaneously. The common cabbages heaped in dirty baskets at the greengrocer's in a side street in town wore, while they grew, a bloom as delicate and beautiful as the bloom on a ripe plum, and morning after morning the dew lay in their hollow leaves like quicksilver. And the joy we feel in going into the country is, if only we would recognise it, less dependent upon the scenery we find there than upon the universal presence, the presence only unacknowledged because it is universal, of this living cleanliness, this self-assertive principle of beauty and order. I well remember a visit I once paid to the lovely ruins of Bolton Abbey with friends who were at that time living in Bradford. They were accustomed, of course, to sweep the smuts from their drawing-

CLEAR WATERS

room table three times in a day, and, by contrast, the meadows around Bolton shone like pure emerald to their eyes: they were charmed with the transparent waters of what was once the Wharfe, and observed that if you forgot the horizon and looked only at the sky above you, you might still call it blue. For my part I would rather have remained in Bradford. The foggy air assumes in cities a certain dignity of menace, and the top of a chimney under which five hundred tons of coal are burned in the day is something in itself to watch and think of. But, as the smoke diffuses itself over the country-side, it loses character and is recognisable only as an all-pervasive suffocating blight. The scenery round Bolton, if I remember rightly, is as yet untouched; the trees, of course, are a mournful spectacle; but the outline of the hills has not been broken, and the curving course of the river through that rich pastoral valley is as beautiful now as when Wordsworth or when Turner saw and worshipped it. But whatever joy there once was in these things has been sacrificed in the name of riches and of Empire; and I am not here concerned to ask whether the change is for the worse or for the better; I merely note the fact that all exhilaration of natural life is gone from them, and their true quality as completely veiled and hidden as that of the State rooms at Windsor the day the chimneys are to be swept. In my short half-hour by the Coln at Bibury, I could not help reverting in mind to this earlier vision of the Wharfe flowing in desolation under that dingy sky, and wondered how many years would pass before the Coln must be its companion in affliction. Bring only half a dozen paper mills and their attendant cottages, and the Coln ceases to be a river and enters service as a commercial drain. Why the mills are not there is a mystery. But perhaps as they have not come yet they never will. Those good fairies Charles Kingsley wrote of must still be in attendance. Heaven help them! for there is hope that with perseverance they may tide over an evil time

SAINT GEORGE

and keep the Coln in its unsullied loveliness for ever, a trust for the few, soon to be the many, who love such things and have learned what they are worth.

But beginning with the idea of the charm of water for its own sake, I have strayed away to the consideration of its purity, the value and the charm of that. In a sense the two things are the same. One might almost say that dirty water is not water at all, just as a top hat, if you cease to brush it, is a top hat no more; it has become a different, an altogether nameless article. However, I wanted, when I began, not only to speak of the fascinating power of water, but if possible to explain the fascination of it. The connection with fire suggested earlier seems to give a clue, which the contrast with earth and air may enable us to follow out. The air is perpetually playing all kinds of alluring pranks, but what they are is only to be guessed at or imagined from their results. In my front garden, for instance, its habit is to pick up all the lighter rubbish, dead leaves, feathers, straws, etc., and deposit them in a heap upon the mat. This mat must be the centre of a delightful whirlpool, if only one could watch it: and occasionally when leaves enough have been collected you may see them go round in a ring, as if an invisible kitten were chasing its visible tail; for of course the movements of the air itself must be far more delicate and beautiful. What a dull business it would be to watch the waves break if you could see no water, but only the stones that it caught up and threw on the beach! As for the earth, it is too patient and seems too lazy to claim peculiar attention; it is as a matter of fact always hard at work, as every gardener knows: but you will only penetrate to its secrets by a slow process of gleaning, a gradual accumulating of knowledge by observation: it has no power to make a display of them for your delight. How different fire! I only know one thing against it, only one point in which we must give water the lead: and that is that, for us poor human creatures, fire is an event.

CLEAR WATERS

It is not a part of the natural order of things. If we lived on the sun it would be another matter. But here, before you can enjoy it, you must light it or have it lit : and unless you keep feeding it, it will go out. Whereas water, without asking any exertion on your part, remains always itself and operative everywhere ; it is always showing itself in one guise or another, rain or dew, or stream or stormy sea, and by its perpetual activity, and by the forms of beauty it assumes in this or that relation, calls upon you to observe the exquisite inter-adjustment of the forces, materials, events which we call Nature, and asks you to delight in them. And the joy of it consists, I suppose, simply in this, that it is a very common, very simple form of *reality*. Nothing exists that is not mysterious, inexplicable, that does not, however deeply you explore into it, entice you to still deeper depths : there is this infinity of wonder locked up in the smallest grain of sand. Everything also that exists is active : the sleepest, most solid, most resisting substances owe their solidity to the active force by which they hang together ; two teams of horses could not pull the life out of a common poker, or stretch it so much as the fraction of an inch, so tenacious is the grip of its component particles. But this activity which Nature conceals for the most part under an appearance of inertness, is the salient fact about water—*it moves*, and because it moves our eyes are drawn to it instinctively like the eyes of children to the light. It is not more beautiful or more mysterious than other things ; but by the charm of its visible changefulness it reminds us of the infinite perfectness of all, and becomes a key with which we may unlock the wonders of the world.

THE SPINNING WHEEL IN LIVERPOOL.

By W. T. PORTER.

ONE of the most commonly-urged objections to the teaching of Ruskin is that his theories are impracticable, and the realisation of his ideals impossible. It is freely admitted that his thoughts are very beautiful, but it is vehemently denied that his views of life are common sense. The man who glories in being "practical" asks with a satisfied feeling of final triumph in argument what this great energetic world would be like without its railways and steamboats, its tubes and tramcars, its telegraphs and telephones.

And if Ruskin is to be judged from the narrow limitations of present-day conditions it does, indeed, appear that he was out of key with his environment, producing discords at every touch, and persisting in the vain endeavour to obtain an ultimate harmony hopelessly impossible.

But criticism from this standpoint is utterly misleading. Ruskin was a teacher of the laws of life, and general principles of the conduct of life cannot be judged by their application to its superficial and accidental conditions during a restricted period, but to its essential permanent qualities during all time. The qualities which constitute Life itself are unchangeable; they are the same in the period of the steam whistle and factory chimney as in the period of the stage coach and spinning wheel, or in the period of the chariot and papyrus.

If to be practical is to be absorbed in the trivial details of a narrow experience, to see nothing beyond its cramping bounds, believe nothing beyond them, hope for nothing beyond them, Ruskin is *not* practical. But if to be practical is to do the work

THE SPINNING WHEEL IN LIVERPOOL

that demands to be done, and, while seeing possibilities hitherto undreamed of or unattempted, to do the humblest duty that lies nearest, then the man who marshalled an army of students into road-makers, washed the dirty stairs of his hotel, and terraced the barren hill-slopes into productive garden, is indisputably practical.

But what is of greater importance Ruskin was able to transmit his love of practical work to others, and in this way to multiply his noble efforts by the number of his faithful disciples. One of the most striking instances of this is furnished in the revival of the spinning wheel, the decline of which even so far back as a hundred years ago was sorrowfully observed by Wordsworth. The decline continued rapidly, until there was not, even in the remotest spots of England, any hand-spinning industry left, nor any place other than a lumber room or outhouse where the wheel could be seen.

It is now more than twenty years since Miss Twelves, of Keswick, whose name will always be associated with the revival, set herself to learn a lost art, and full of enthusiasm and faith began an industry which showed practical devotion to the teaching of Ruskin. Her first struggles are well known, and and we do not propose to dwell on them here, nor to relate the interesting story of the discovery of the old loom and its erection by the help of photographs of Giotto's panel. It need but be mentioned that the success of the Ruskin Linen Industry was attained only after very patient labour and brave battling with difficulty. The success is to-day firmly established, and in many an out-of-the-way dale in the charming Lake District of England the murmur of the wheel may again be heard, together with those "thousand blended notes" which inspired so much of the best poetry of Wordsworth.

There is, however, a quite apparent and distinctly felt appropriateness in the spinning wheel in the country. The associa-

SAINT GEORGE

tions in the past are of the country ; the silent winter evenings, the darkness illuminated only by moon and stars, the margin between labour and sleep seeming to invite to some such occupation as spinning ; all these rendered the reintroduction of the wheel easy and natural. Its introduction in the city is less apparently natural, and the less measure of success which has attended it is in accordance with what might have been expected. But that it has succeeded at all is remarkable, and there is reasonable hope of quite satisfactory extension. The ladies of the Liverpool Ruskin Society, trusting Ruskin's teaching that the joy of life is in its simplest duties and the pleasures arising out of them, have commenced a small spinning industry, and many ladies of the city are now finding that delight and restfulness in spinning which formerly was enjoyed only by their sisters in the least accessible rural districts.

The romance of the country revival was not a feature of the city extension, for the greatest difficulties had been overcome by Miss Twelves, who readily assisted the Liverpool Society with the knowledge she had gained, and when a serviceable thread had been spun on the Liverpool wheels had it woven on the loom at Keswick. But if there is less of the romantic in the story of the Liverpool spinning industry there is not less real interest ; for the experiment has proved the existence of sufficient kindred thought to promote extension, while had the environment been wholly hostile the movement could not have advanced beyond an individual enthusiasm.

In some respects the occupation of hand spinning is of greater advantage to town dwellers than to dwellers in rural districts. Life in the country is usually restful, and the evening labour is in perfect harmony with the labour of the day. But the strenuousness of city life makes great demands upon the nerve and brain of women as well as of men, and the fatigued mind and body require recreation. How futile are

THE SPINNING WHEEL IN LIVERPOOL

the recreations often resorted to is only too well known, and the result of them is but further exhaustion.

In the recreation of the spinning wheel there is entire change from the ordinary occupation of the city lady's daily task, and the hum of the wheel forms a soothing music, restful and helpful, delightfully soft and sweet, and not so loud as to drown the tick of the friendly old clock, or the voice of a companion reading a favourite author. Apart, however, from the value of spinning as a recreation is its practical value as useful labour. Good thread is spun on the Liverpool wheels, and the material gain is honest linen, produced under ideal conditions, and so durable as to be of service (it may fearlessly be predicted) to more than one generation.

It may be thought that work of this kind is likely to develop into a fad, and we are not incognisant of the danger. It is quite probable that many ladies will use the wheel as a drawing-room ornament rather than as an instrument of useful production ; but however this may be, the very substantial argument of quantities of sound linen actually made and marketable is sufficient proof that much real work is being done. We do not anticipate that the linen spun and woven by the ladies of Liverpool will supplant the linen of the great factories, and put machine-made embroidery out of date ; but results already attained certainly justify the hope that hand industry will become more popular, and home-spun linen more a source of right domestic pride, than it has been for a hundred years. Even at present the success is sufficient to have induced a Liverpool carpenter to make wheels, and with further extension further similar developments may be expected.

Nor is the spinning confined to the ladies of the Liverpool Ruskin Society, or to the artistic section of the city. Through the instrumentality of Miss Scott, a member of the Society, blind girls have been taught to spin, and while a pleasure has thus been added to the too limited range of their enjoyment,

SAINT GEORGE

they have also been placed in possession of a power which assists them to earn their living.*

The interest taken in this work has led to the discovery of individual efforts of others, and in different suburbs ladies have been found engaged in this pleasant employment, unassociated with any society or organisation. Some have overcome their difficulties unaided, and one lady has had her need of a loom supplied by her son, a boy of twelve, who, with that youthful energy which in so many boys is applied entirely to sport, succeeded in making, first a small loom, and afterwards one upon which a large web can be satisfactorily woven.

Not only does such work produce a useful thing, but it also gives to those engaged upon it the wholesome enjoyment of seeing a useful thing called into being by the exercise of the combined faculties of hand, heart, and head, and while fulfilling all that is best in the uses of recreation, supplies in addition an article adapted to human need.

We would not be considered to exaggerate foolishly the importance of this simple effort to revive a worthy industry, but we do claim that by providing for the fingers restful exercise, and for the mind a sphere in which creative art may effectively operate, the tendency of the hand industry is to restore joy in labour and to banish desire for unwholesome forms of amusement.

It is the expression in one definite direction of that nobler spirit which the careful observer sees reanimating life in so many other directions, of which such enterprises as the Garden City movement, "simpler life" experiments, and all forms of newly awakened interest in rural beauty and rural industry are amongst the most conspicuous of its evidences. It is a spirit of revolt against artificial life, with its interminable com-

* Correspondence on this subject will be welcomed by Miss Scott, whose address is Atholfeld, Cressington Park, Liverpool.

THE SPINNING WHEEL IN LIVERPOOL

plexities resulting in the present disastrous extremes of idle luxury and unblessed poverty; against the art which reflects this life so perfectly, and against the literature which satisfies its need; it is a spirit making for that simplicity in human relationships which will produce helpful intercourse between man and man in the full knowledge of mutual interdependence; a spirit delighting in all gentle life and all beautiful work, which will assuredly create an art to worthily represent it, and a literature to nourish it, when its material manifestations become a more general inspiration of artist and author.

As a creator of the sphere in which this spirit finds a kindly environment for its activity, Ruskin is justly honoured and beloved, and it is to the students of his writings, whether grouped in societies which bear his name or working individually as best they may, that we look for the most willing obedience to the rising light, and for the most loyal co-operation in beautifying and beatifying the life around them.

LUXURY.*

By D. H. MACGREGOR.

MR. URWICK has set himself in this book the task of putting into popular form an argument that is both economic and moral. In the end, he takes us beyond these two standards of judgment, and bases his results on spiritual or idealistic considerations. It is always difficult to intermix the positive deductions of economics with the regulative ideals of morality; but this book has succeeded well in at least showing the breadth of the question of right expenditure. The study, both positive and judicial, of consumption is the branch of social study upon which least has been done; when so much is being said about fair trade, and the duty of the producer, it is well to be reminded that it is the consumer who, in the end, controls the producer; and that the best way to have a supply of the things which have greatest "vital value" is to have a healthy demand for them.

Luxury, in the author's view, always implies the idea of an *excess*. How are we to determine this more exactly? Most people feel that, though excessive expenditure is common, the social grades are so various, and the conventional demands in each grade so different, that we can speak of excessive expenditure only when it is paraded in strong cases of wanton waste. Mr. Urwick, however, fixes a standard that is national, and not relative to classes. He takes the average income per family at any time, and defines luxury as the outlay upon one's own family of all sums in excess of this average. This is not the whole of the definition, but it is the basis of it. The importance which is to be attached to luxury or waste will

* *Luxury and Waste of Life*. By E. J. Urwick. London: Dent and Co. 1908.

LUXURY

be measured to some extent by the amount of deviation from this average. The objections which at once suggest themselves to this novel method of obtaining a standard are partly met when Mr. Urwick points out that, thus far, no ethical judgment is implied; we are merely defining luxury, leaving the question of its effect for further examination. Nevertheless, I do not think the basis is the best that could be chosen; and, in his subsequent argument, Mr. Urwick often forgets the artificial nature of his starting point.

It is, in fact, in the discussion of two other aspects of the question that Mr. Urwick's book is of most value. Luxury implies not only expenditure beyond a certain point (this broad idea being perhaps better than any given figure), but also personal *consumption of goods and services* beyond a certain point, as well as *satisfaction of wants* beyond a certain point. These two notions are meant to bring out how, in all expenditure, there is involved a demand for a certain use of the powers of nature and of other persons; a demand which, looked at in this light, becomes a responsibility on those who can make the labour of mankind productive or the contrary. Through the direction of our demand we have power over the value of personality. The other implied notion, that of *satisfaction of wants*, is meant to show, on psychological grounds, how beyond a certain point we cease to obtain the same amount of pleasure from our own consumption; so that, to any thoughtful person, the duty becomes apparent to transfer the power of consumption to those whose demand is further from the point of satiety. While agreeing broadly with these two aspects of the problem of expenditure, I may be allowed to suggest a reconsideration of some of the remarks on the psychological argument; it is not easy, except for the very largest incomes, to make the law of Diminishing Return valid for *all commodities*. It is valid for any one commodity; but a nobleman who is sated with the necessities of life may derive more pleasure from a new luxury

SAINT GEORGE

than would a poor man from an additional power to buy necessities.

Mr. Urwick's criticism of the *effects* of luxury, and of the various defences that have been made of it, is well put. His idea of "the economists" lays undue stress on the conservatism usually attributed to them; he would find, I think, that the ethic of consumption has been realised, though its full study has been handed over to the sociologists. Among the questions considered by Mr. Urwick are the effects of luxury in trade—the old problem whether luxurious expenditure is "good for trade" being well handled; the *exemplary* effect of luxury, and its effect on setting, so to speak, the social pace, and stimulating the desire to save, and raise the standard of life. Beneath the whole of the author's treatment of the economic argument there lies the view which he takes of the nature of capital, namely, that capital is a claim, and only a claim, on services and goods. At this time, when so much fallacy is traceable to ideas of capital as a store of wealth, hedged round in large fortunes, and kept out of the hands of the people, it is useful to have it insisted on that by no ingenuity can a capitalist keep his fortune out of public use; though he can, theoretically more than practically, direct the channels of investment. I think that this side of the economic argument might have been developed further; the amount of change which would be made if large fortunes stood in the name of the State, instead of in the names of certain individuals, in the books of banks, is much exaggerated.

The most interesting chapter in this book is that on the "Limits of Right Spending." Here we have to allow for differences in desert, occupation, status, and power of appreciation; all of these vary as individuals vary, so that in many cases we feel bound to sanction some degree of "luxurious" expenditure as, in the circumstances, natural and right and conducive to the best results.

LUXURY

The practical question finally arises—How are individuals who, even allowing for the above considerations, have more than they can rightly use for themselves or their families, to transfer the surplus to others? Mr. Urwick discourages mere charity, and recalls the old Athenian example of the "liturgy," by which rich citizens would present a ship of war to the State, or undertake at their own expense some public expenditure or duty. Large benefactions to Universities and so forth savour too much of patronage; it cannot be permitted to be the right of a few rich men to determine the educational system of a nation. They must, therefore, give their money to the public chest without conditions. I agree; but here again it seems to me that this is already done. Whatever a rich man does not spend on himself he leaves to his banker to invest according to the highest rate of interest, i.e. to the strongest public demand; although it must be admitted to Mr. Urwick that the best investments will often be made by giving the people the things which they do not want. Only when funds are in public hands, and free from the desire after the highest nominal rate of interest, will this direction of investment be fully possible.

As to the religious and spiritual results to which this study finally leads us, I must let the author speak for himself. "To those who accept the religious or spiritual conception of life, the arguments in this book are beside the point. There is no need to appeal to their social conscience; no need to urge them to give up part of their abundance to relieve the wants of others. What part can abundance play in the lives of those who care nothing for comfort, have no desire for dainties, need no diversity of passing interests to fill their lives?" "How can we amuse those who live in the presence of God? How by money increase the happiness of those who have found peace?"

REVIEWS.

History of Freedom and Other Essays. Historical Essays and Studies. By Lord Acton. London: Macmillan and Co.

THESE are two of the most remarkable books we have read for a long time, at once in matter and in manner. The manner is singularly impressive; is mainly trenchant, suggestive, and weighty. But it is also enlivened by felicitous anecdote and telling epigram. In the preface there is a description of Lord Liverpool, the piquancy of which reaches a climax in the phrase, "His merit was his mediocrity. The secret of his policy was that he had none." He describes his former teacher, Döllinger, in the happy words, "He possessed no natural philosophy, and never acquired the emancipating habit which comes from the life spent in securing progress by shutting one's eyes to the past."

Lord Acton's style clearly enough reveals that he devoted much attention to the great Masters in the world of Letters. Among these influences we may learn, from these volumes, were Burke, George Eliot, and De Tocqueville. Perhaps one among other good results of this book will be an increased reverence for Burke, the builder up of the "Noblest Political Philosophy in the World." The suggestiveness of these volumes, even for those who are students of history, can hardly be over-estimated. The essays on the "Growth of Freedom," not least of all that on May's "Democracy in Europe," provide a wonderful amount of food for thought. As is the case with all richly stored minds, Lord Acton's sidelights are as interesting as the treatment of his main thesis. These two volumes are replete with passages of most illuminating character, e.g. on the contrast of Pagan and Christian ethics; the teaching of the Stoics, the large part

REVIEWS

played in political affairs by assassination, that persecutors from the sixteenth century onwards were sinning against light. Ever since that age there have been great champions of toleration pointing to the more excellent way.

It is, however, Lord Acton's general attitude towards the outstanding figures and events of history that give to these two volumes their supreme interest and distinction. This attitude must be expressed in his own striking language. "The inflexible integrity of the moral code is, to me, the secret of the authority, the dignity, and utility of history." This emphatic ethical view is consistently maintained, and conducts Lord Acton to some estimates of past events and their agents, which must prove very startling to his readers. A particularly instructive passage in this connection is his criticism on his own teacher's too lenient view (in his chapter on Döllinger) of some of the crimes, or would-be crimes of sovereigns. Lord Acton is a stern judge of crimes like these, and will allow of no palliation on the score of the difficulties which surround those in high places. And if the secular magnates do not escape his lash, neither do the spiritual leaders. Thus, too, condemnation of persecution in the religious sphere is reiterated and uncompromising.

These are books where profundity of learning is combined with a great earnestness of purpose. A. JAMSON SMITH.

Wages and Employment: Being Vol. II of "Work and Wages," by Professor S. J. Chapman, in continuation of Lord Brassey's "Work and Wages." Longmans.

THIS book is presented as the second instalment of "a report on the present aspects of certain problems connected with work and wages and the efficiency of labour." Its purpose is not chiefly that of original discussion; it aims rather at collecting the results, or the main

SAINT GEORGE

points, of recent controversy, and at placing these alongside the broad outlines of historical development. It is, in fact, a comprehensive handbook of the labour questions of the day. Professor Chapman, who is responsible for the whole account, has devoted one introductory chapter to the "Analytical Groundwork" of the subject; except for this, the book appeals more to a popular audience than to the inquirer after scientific classification or new suggestions. It serves its main purpose well; those whose interest is stimulated by a broad outline of where the problems lie can follow these up by more special studies in the books and reports, of which abundant use has been made by Professor Chapman.

The questions covered by this volume are those of Labour Organisation, Trade Union Policy, Industrial Peace, Unemployment, and Workmen's Insurance; all of these are treated both historically and by comparison of their development in the chief industrial nations and colonies. To each chapter is appended a set of the national and foreign statistics which are of most use for informed views. This is, in fact, the most general judgment that can be passed on Professor Chapman's review: it is highly informing, without being deeply controversial.

On the "Analytical Groundwork" a few remarks may be offered. The constant use of the word "marginal" has been found necessary throughout the book, so that on the first page the meaning to be attached to this scientific term is stated. In my own view, there are very few places, if any, where it was necessary to introduce the word; since marginal wages mean only "the wages which are paid, the stock of labour being what it is." It will be unfortunate if it becomes a mark of economic wisdom never to use the words "price" or "wage" unless "marginal" precedes it in brackets. Further, Professor Chapman appears to me to use the word in the text of the first page in a sense different from that in the explanatory note; in the

REVIEWS

former case he means "least efficient," which is the *popular* use of the word ; in the latter he means "value per unit at a certain quantity," which is the *scientific*, and quite independent, use.

The questions treated in this chapter are of great general interest. It is pointed out that the *types* of industrial structure have an important influence on such problems as the adaptability of industry to new changes with much or little suffering in the process. This, it is pointed out, is true not only of the structure of firms or factories, but, what is more important, of the nature of the training required for various occupations. If industry calls for high specialisation, we get non-competing groups of workmen with little mobility ; but if by a great development in factories of processes which call for general intelligence, the degree of distress in times of transition is much less. Again, the question is discussed whether, in view of broad influences, wages tend to be equal to the workmen's contribution to national wealth ; and this is answered in the affirmative for both manual and managing work. But this, it should be remembered, gives only a most qualified result ; it shows only that wages have a tendency to be equal to a man's net value to a certain employer under a certain industrial organisation ; and no "efficiency basis of wages" is proved, which does not consider how far that organisation itself is the most efficient under which men can be employed. On this point, an important observation is offered ; the complexity of modern organisation is so great that it has been held that no tendency ever has time to work itself out before it is upset by some shifting of the whole equilibrium ; but to this Professor Chapman replies that, on the contrary, what is amazing to-day is "not the inflexibility of society, but its remarkable sensitiveness and powers of adjusting itself speedily and delicately to varying conditions." This should be read in the light of the figures given later, which show an average rate of unemploy-

SAINT GEORGE

ment among trade unionists in the United Kingdom for the decade 1895 to 1904 of 4·1 ; varying between a maximum of 8·2 and a minimum of 2·2. The reader may judge whether the capacity of society to use on an average 96 per cent of its skilled labour is adequate justification for the view just quoted.

The chapter on "Labour Organisation" is the least interesting. It is pointed out how trade unionism began in an economic socialism, or "industrial Chartism," but has gradually extricated itself from this alliance, until it is now a professional, rather than a political, movement. The history of the legal status of the Unions need not be retraced here. More interesting is the discussion on American conditions ; in a nation where the spirit of individualism is strong, where opportunity is great, and employers are made out of workmen ; where distances and varieties of life are so considerable, where nationalities are mixed, and the spirit of labour is restless, trade unions have prospered far less by comparison than in England.

As regards the policies adopted by trade unions, the decision given is on the whole favourable to the boycott of non-unionists ; since, where non-unionists are numerous, it is impossible to coerce them in this way, and the policy succeeds only if non-unionists are comparatively few, and the union strong enough to be tolerant. This is an opportunist answer to a question which is rather an ethical one ; but it is characteristic of all forms of industrial association, with whatever motive they have been entered on, to be forced in self-defence to use the boycott ; the reason being simply that all voluntary associations must have outsiders, and must compete, and can, as associations, employ exceptional methods. Allied to the boycott are the "union shop" and the "union label," of which other countries know more than England. Resistance to machinery still exists, but in a more veiled form than at first. Apprenticeship regulation, and fixed ratios of men to machine, are disappearing. The "lump of labour" fallacy is still popular.

REVIEWS

The automatic methods of keeping industrial peace, such as sliding scales, are becoming less common; though the iron trade still adheres to them. They have certain rough advantages, if revisions of the scale are frequent; but conditions change so fast and futures are so important, that a predetermined scale becomes cumbrous or unfair. The principle itself is questioned whether wages *ought* to vary with profits. "Only the propertied classes, and some workmen with large reserves," Schmoller is quoted as saying, "can endure such big variations." Excess wages become wastefully disbursed, while at depressed periods the standard of living is shaken. The less automatic, and more vigilant, methods of Conciliation and Arbitration are therefore gaining ground; and in the closing half of this chapter there is given a valuable resumé of the ground which is now held by boards and courts in various nations.

The chapter on "Unemployment" uses figures to show the effects of seasonal and cyclical fluctuations, and the degree to which age, and trade union restrictions, swell the percentages. The conclusion endorsed is that of Professor Marshall, that industrialism is not deteriorating in its capacity to absorb the available labour of the community. "The body of unemployed employable labour is never wholly dissolved"; the minimum is elsewhere given as about 2 per cent; "the cause is change, and what might be termed the 'time-lag' or 'reaction time' peculiar to economic readjustments. But it is not true that there exists in all states of trade a permanent army of capable unemployed people whose personnel over a short period remains comparatively unvaried." The discussion of the remedies for unemployment covers the ground of subsidised thrift, the distribution of public work, relief works, labour exchanges, and farm colonies; it is too detailed to be treated here.

In the last chapter, the German insurance system—"one of

SAINT GEORGE

the most stupendous pieces of social legislation of this generation"—is discussed in all its aspects.

This thorough and judicious presentation of the economic tendencies of the day has still to be completed by a third volume dealing with "Social Betterment." We shall then have something of the nature of an expert and discursive summary of the social question at the opening of a new century.

D. H. M.

The School and the Child. By John Dewey. London: Blackie. 1908. 1s.

PROFESSOR FINDLAY has done well to make these essays of Professor Dewey accessible to English teachers and parents. Probably no living teacher has done as much to place the study of education on firm foundations as Dewey. Of great distinction as philosopher, he has made his peculiar place as pioneer and experimenter in the discovery of the best forms of education. He was inspired by the great German teachers before much was known of them in England; but far from reproducing their systems, he set to work with an experimental school, blending theory with practice. He was specially fitted to cope with this fundamental difficulty in the education of teachers. So many trainers have themselves been deficient in the philosophy of their subject, i.e. in its deep and true bearings upon other subjects—upon modes of life apparently unrelated; while so many philosophers have not realised what it is to have to handle a roomful of highly individualised human animals. Dewey had a further advantage often lacking to both these classes, namely, that he could command a vigorous and pleasing style. The combination of qualities has given well-deserved influence and success to his addresses to the parents of children attending his school—one of the best of all

REVIEWS

educational works for general reading.* We hope this little book will have an even wider circulation, and help to induce a liberal consideration of the question "What shall we teach our children?"

Professor Findlay and his staff are themselves investigating the same problem experimentally in the Demonstration Schools founded in Manchester by the far-sighted beneficence of Mrs. Fielden. They are just publishing the first number of their Record (Manchester University Press, 1s. 6d.). It was a happy moment to choose for the reissue of Dewey's essays from the Record of his school at Chicago.

Thomas Godolphin Rooper: Select Writings, with a Memoir by R. G. Tatton. London: Blackie. 1907.

FEW careers offer so much opportunity for helpful influence as that of inspector of schools, and few for so much self-effacement. But as the value of school-work begins to dawn on a generation a little discontented with material progress, and a little less deceived by obvious and easy fame, attention begins to turn affectionate regard to the work of here and there a devoted, unadvertising empire-builder. Most had not heard of Rooper on his untimely death, but many felt with M. E. Sadler, who wrote :—

I have not yet been able to realise all that this means to England. It is a national loss : the value of his influence on the side of all that is right and high-minded in education was incalculable. For years he has been an inspirer of good work in hundreds and thousands of others. He never spoke a word about education without raising the issue to the highest plane, and nothing mean or self-seeking could hold up its head against his clear insight. Among all the forces which have been at work in education during these last critical years, I believe that few have been so potent and none more ennobling than his teaching and example.

* *The School and Society* (with a statement concerning the work of the University Elementary School). London : King. 6s.

SAINT GEORGE

Mr. Tatton and other friends speak of the sense of completeness in Rooper's life ; his studies and enthusiasms seemed to find their right outlet in helpful and happy activity. It is natural that the words of such a man should be simple, wise, and bright. He had a great gift (it was often said) for making hard things seem easy—a gift the result of clear, steady thinking directed to simple, practical ends. He loved children, and spent himself freely for them. It is right to read on the memorial tablet in Southampton College "*Maxima debetur pueris reverentia.*" Reverence, wide-mindedness, practical usefulness marked his attitude and the goal of his ideal of education. His share in the stirring of educational thought was in keeping with his life and character. He could not attain the effect of Spencer's somewhat blustering pamphlet—possibly the most influential of all modern educational writings outside the actual practice of teaching ; but it may be doubted whether any modern writing has done so much to familiarise teachers with the best psychological thought—certainly none with such charm—as his *Pot of Green Feathers*. The strange title owes its origin to one of those moments of awakening so precious in the development of all who have children in their care—glimpses of fact unhidden by preconceptions of what a baby is ; of fact more beautiful and wonderful than the tenderest of the futile dreams in which the imaginations of mothers and poets sun themselves ; of fact equally hidden from the ecstatic and the unsympathetic. "A little girl, asked by her teacher to describe a pot of beautiful fresh ferns, said, 'It is a pot of green feathers.' Thereupon the teacher turned to me and said, 'Poor little thing ! She knows no better.' But I fell to thinking on the matter."

The subjects of the essays and addresses in this volume are their own evidence of his practicalness—manual training, geography, drawing in infant schools, object lessons, practical instruction in rural schools, methods of infant teaching, educa-

REVIEWS

tion at home *v.* education at a public school, and so on. Here, too, is found his account of what is perhaps the most obvious monument to his memory, the institution of school gardens.

The Library Edition of Ruskin, Vols. XXXIII and XXXIV.
London: George Allen.

THESE volumes contain *The Bible of Amiens, Valle Crucis, The Art of England, The Pleasures of England, The Stormcloud of the Nineteenth Century, On the Old Road, and Arrows of the Chace*, with a large amount of subsidiary matter. The Introduction to Vol. XXXIII takes up the story of Ruskin's life where it was left in Vol. XXV (reviewed in these pages October, 1906, No. XXXVI). It covers years well illustrated by the character of the writings here collected—broken fragments of beautiful dreams of future work—quiet, strong work sometimes, but breaking down into almost helpless confusion—supplemented by the collections of casual work thrown off in earlier years. It is a story of convalescence blessed by “unnumbered sights of lovely things,” in which his joy was as keen and strong as ever, but harassed by “crowding thoughts”; days of “peace and storm” haunted by the contrast—“my strength half gone, my hope how changed!” Whenever his strength returned it found him as ever “jealous of every golden minute of every golden day.” With “more in my heart than I can write” he heard “the words of the Sybil for ever murmured in his ears—

Tu ne cede malis sed contra fortior ito.”

Mr. Cook has well noted how these two sides are reflected in his work.

Nothing is more striking . . . than the contrast between the easy serenity of style in the essays on subjects of art or nature, and the fulgurant, and at times somewhat ill-balanced, vehemence in those on politics or economics.

SAINT GEORGE

It finds its most striking illustration in the change of subject for the last Oxford public lectures; announced as the *Pleasures of Sense* and *Nonsense*, they were meant to be a violent attack on the atheism of science, and especially on vivisection; but his friends, justly fearing the strain, persuaded him to substitute *Birds* and *Landscape*, which are described as being full of charm. Certainly the close of the lecture on *Protestantism* amply justified the fear and the intervention. There is a beautiful glimpse of Jowett's "watchful and almost tender courtesy" in these difficult days, and a beautiful picture of happy intervals of fruitful, busy travel with friends and assistants, or of quiet, busy rest at Brantwood under "Joanna's care."

"What shall I do with all my powers and havings still left?" His answer is a very chaos of plans, leaving him "trembling and nervous with too much on my mind—all pleasant." Most of these plans were beautiful and promising—none more than that of which the *Bible of Amiens* is a fragment, but a fragment whose discursiveness belied the promise of the long series, just as its beauty foretold their charm.

In successive volumes he was to deal with Verona, Rome, Pisa, Florence, Monastic Architecture of England and Wales, Chartres, Rouen, Lucerne, and Geneva. The titles selected for the volumes give tantalising foretaste of the glamour of historical association which Ruskin threw over his subjects [such as *Valle Crucis* for the monasteries of England and Wales, *Domrémy* for Rouen]. . . . The list is as of the chapters in Ruskin's life which comprise his deepest associations and fondest thoughts.

Against this we will set his deepest disappointment, when his University of Oxford refused (on the ground of debt) a small grant for a new drawing-school, and immediately made a large one for a vivisection school. So keenly did he feel the obvious contradiction of all that he stood for, that he resigned at once his Professorship and never went to Oxford again.

REVIEWS

Two judgments upon Ruskin passed by very competent and unbiassed critics we quote, partly because of their intrinsic authority, partly because they came in reviews of the naturally disjointed *Arrows of the Chace*. The first is Mark Pattison's :—

Mr. Ruskin does but feel more keenly than the rest of us those evils which spoil and darken the wholesomeness and beauty of modern life. When the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together, there are some spirits who feel the anguish too acutely, and cry out in their noble rage that we have but to will it and the evil will disappear.

And this is W. E. Henley's :—

There is not a letter in the book of which it can be said that it is not interesting ; not one but is distinguished by some notable feature, as a touch of fine and pleasant wit, or a stout stroke of satire, or a piece of wisdom nobly thought and luminously phrased, or a passage of sonorous and splendid rhetoric, or a fling of whimsical temper. To follow their author through his many moods of irony and reproof, of indignation and of calm, of fun and suggestiveness and scorn, is an intellectual exercise not only as agreeable as can be imagined, but as serviceable also. . . . Mr. Ruskin has much to say, and he knows so well how to say it that people are apt to value his sayings even more for their manner's sake than for the sake of their matter. It is the common lot of most of those who deal in prose to be either useful at the expense of beauty or ornamental at the cost of serviceableness. With Mr. Ruskin it is otherwise. To him the instrument of prose is lyre and axe, is lamp and trowel, is a brush to paint with and a sword to slay, in one. A great artist in speech, he is a working exemplification of the theory which holds that English prose is of no particular epoch, but that in all its essentials, and allowing for the influence of current fashions of speech, it is one and the same thing with Shakespeare and with Addison, with Bunyan and with Burke, with Browne and Bacon, and with Carlyle and Sterne. There are few manners in literature at once so affluent and so subtle, so capable and so full of refinement, as that of the author of *Modern Painters*. The reason why it is felt to be so is, we take it, that Mr. Ruskin, in fact, is not only great as a writer, but great as an intelligence and as a man. To a mind extraordinarily vigorous yet subtle, to an imagination unwontedly rich and vivid and splendid, he adds the precious attributes of a noble heart, a sweet and earnest temper, and a boundless goodwill. These attributes are perceived in his work, and impart to it, however questionable its aim and however dubitable its conclusions, a certain fine and human quality of reality, which is one secret of its prodigious force.

SAINT GEORGE

Practical Housing. By J. S. Nettlefold. Letchworth, Garden City Press. 1908. 1s.

THIS is a handy compendium of the Housing Question. It is well and fully illustrated, and contains an exact account of present conditions. Mr. Nettlefold's work as Chairman of the Birmingham Corporation Housing Committee and Chairman of Harborne Tenants Ltd. is widely known: it gives full justification for the title, for the book is severely practical, looking rather to present possibilities rather than to distant ideals—the work of a business man. It is a real service to the community, whose welfare it is meant to serve. Its issue is a happy coincidence with the appearance of a government Town Planning Bill.

Sermons, Addresses, and Essays. By Herbert Rix, B.A. Published as a Memorial of Herbert and Alice Rix. London: Williams and Norgate. 1907.

THIS book is prefaced with an introduction by Mr. Philip H. Wicksteed which takes the form of an appreciation of the author and of his wife Alice Rix. In language of singular charm Mr. Wicksteed reveals two beautiful and gracious characters, kindling love, and admiration, and hope, wherever they touched the lives of others. It is good to have this record and the attendant writings. The sermons and essays which comprise the greater portion of the book show a tolerant but original and cultured thinker, full of human sympathies, and ever seeking the highest good. They are at once a contribution to literature and to life.

No more fitting memorial than this book could have been chosen. Through it something of the inspiration which all who knew Herbert and Alice Rix gained by that knowledge is brought to a wider circle. And this picture of two noble lives will leave the reader enriched and strengthened.

